

TO ACTIVATE

Borag Thungg, Earthlets! Here is another zarjaz pull-out poster for you to display on your bedroom wall. To detach the poster open the staples in the middle of the comic. Then, using a pair of sharp scissors, neatly trim off the sides up to the black line. Lastly, paste the poster on to a piece of cardboard which has been cut to size. Look out for another amazing cover poster soon!

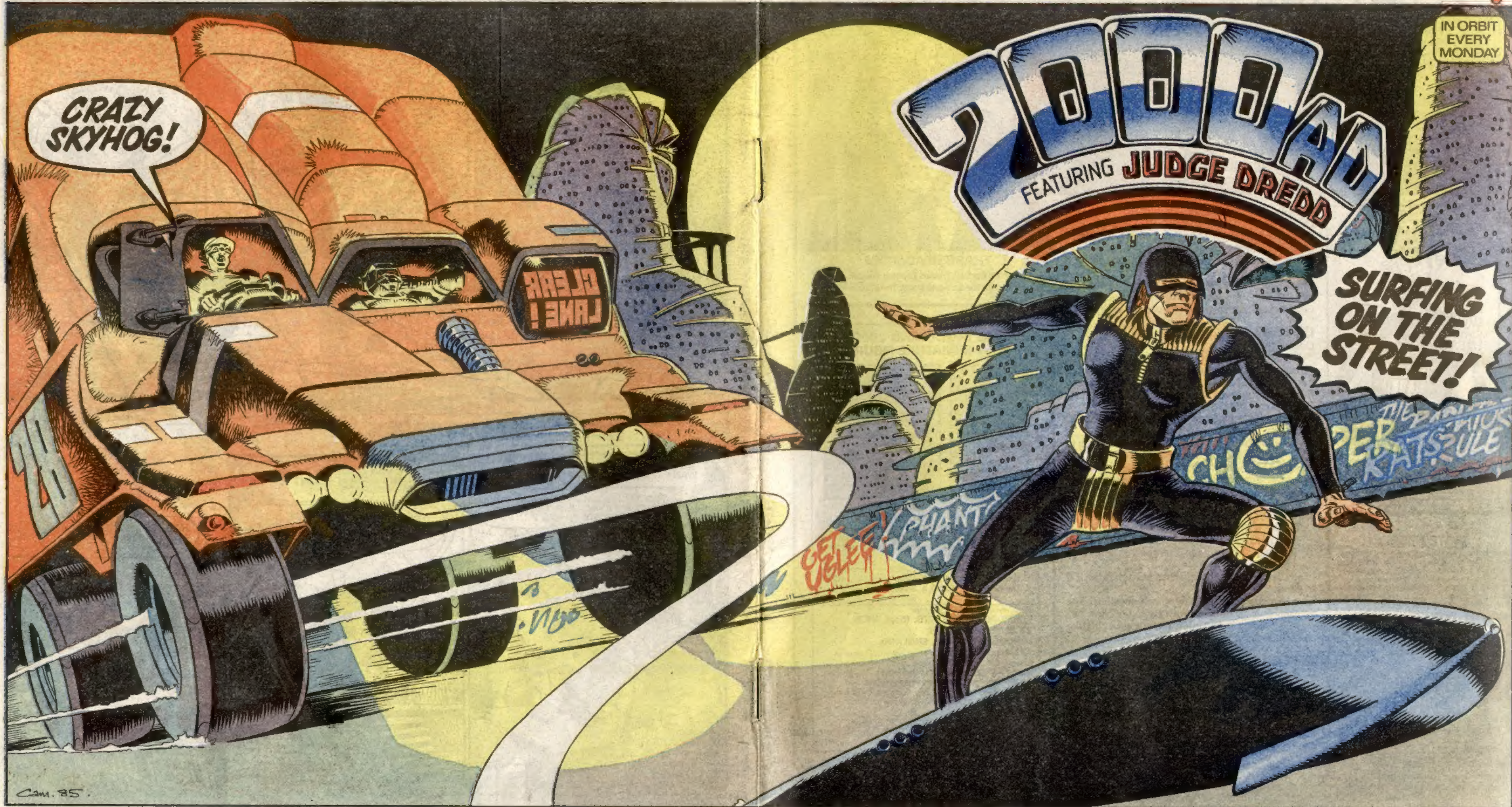
PROG 424  
29 JUNE 85

MIDNIGHT IN THE MEGA-CITY...

24p

\$1.45 Malaysia 65c Australia 65c New Zealand

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY





# NERVE CENTRE

## BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

Each of the 6 stories in this cosmic comic – yes, Terrans, 6 stories – comes complete with its own personal thrill-power guarantee. Your statutory rights are not affected. However, before you switch on your circuits, I have three items of information for you. First, the good news: this prog sees the start of my latest *Judge Dredd* mini-saga, bringing you the promise of undiluted thrills for several weeks to come. Next, the bad news: this prog also sees the final circuit-croaking instalment of my *Strontium Dog* tale. Last, the zarjaz news: next prog sees the first circuit-croaking instalment of my new *Strontium Dog* tale, 2000 AD – all the news that's fit to thrill!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

## THARG



### THARG HEADROOM

Drawn by Earthlet Darren Toomer, Peecehaven.  
£0 Winner for daring to insult The Mighty One.



### JUDGE WHATSIZNAME

Drawn by Earthlet Rory Olcayto. £0 Winner for drawing a scan of nobody we know. (Please send full address to the Command Module, so we know where not to send the money to).

### SMART? YES...

Dear Tharg,

My Dad says: "If Tharg is so smart, why isn't he rich?" Please tell him.

From Earthlet James Pike, Darlington. £0 Winner.

I've never been rich because I give all my money away to the offspring of curious Terrans. In your case, however, I'm going to make an exception.

### GET IT? NO...

Dear Tharg,

Here is a galactic joke...Question: What famous brand of lager do you get by crossing a packet of K-rations with the planet where Rogue Trooper is at the moment? Answer: Horst and Pills!

From Earthlet Charles Browne, Norwich. £0 Winner.

I was going to award you £5 for your courage in using your real name, Terran, but then I thought up a joke of my own: "Charles Browne – probably the worst laughter in the world." My joke is better than yours, so I'm awarding myself your prize.

### GREXNIX? DEFINITELY...

Dear Tharg,

Why didn't *The Helltrekkers* fly to the New Territories, and so save themselves a load of hassle?

From Earthlet David Kirkham, Manchester. £0 Winner.

This is a circuit-numbingly dumb question. *The Helltrekkers* obviously didn't fly to the New Territories because they couldn't be certain of getting 111 window seats in the No Smoking area.

### THE BIGGEST? ALMOST...

Dear Tharg,

I think I must be the biggest joob ever. Does this qualify me for a Krill Tro Thargo?

From Earthlet Russell Whitton, Reading. £0 Winner.

No – and it doesn't qualify you for a £5 prize either, you big joob.

### VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.....  
2.....  
3.....

I Dislike:.....

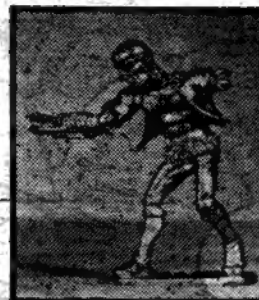
My Age is..... 424

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# ANDERSON *PSI* DIVISION

THE FOUR DARK JUDGES HAVE RETURNED TO PREY ON MEGA-CITY ONE. NOW, IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE ITSELF -



WE HAVE COME TO FINISSSHHH WITHH YOU, ANDERSSON!

FEAR

BIG TALK, UGLY, BUT YOU'RE FORGETTIN' YOUR MANNERS!

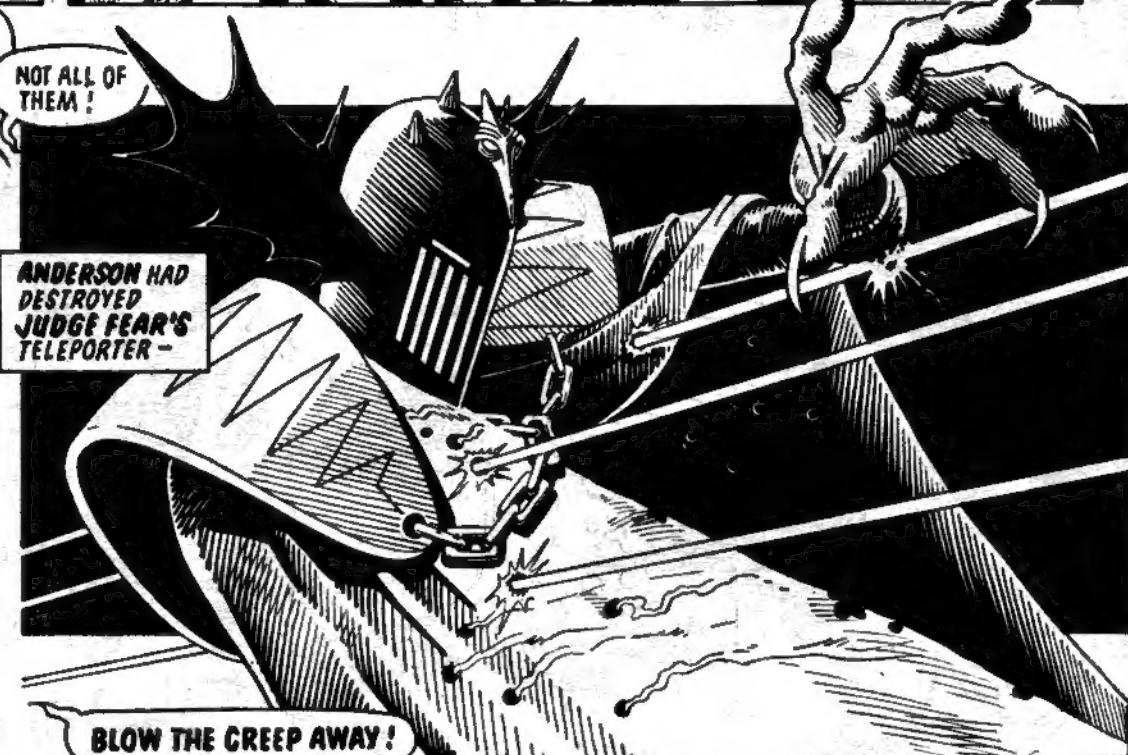
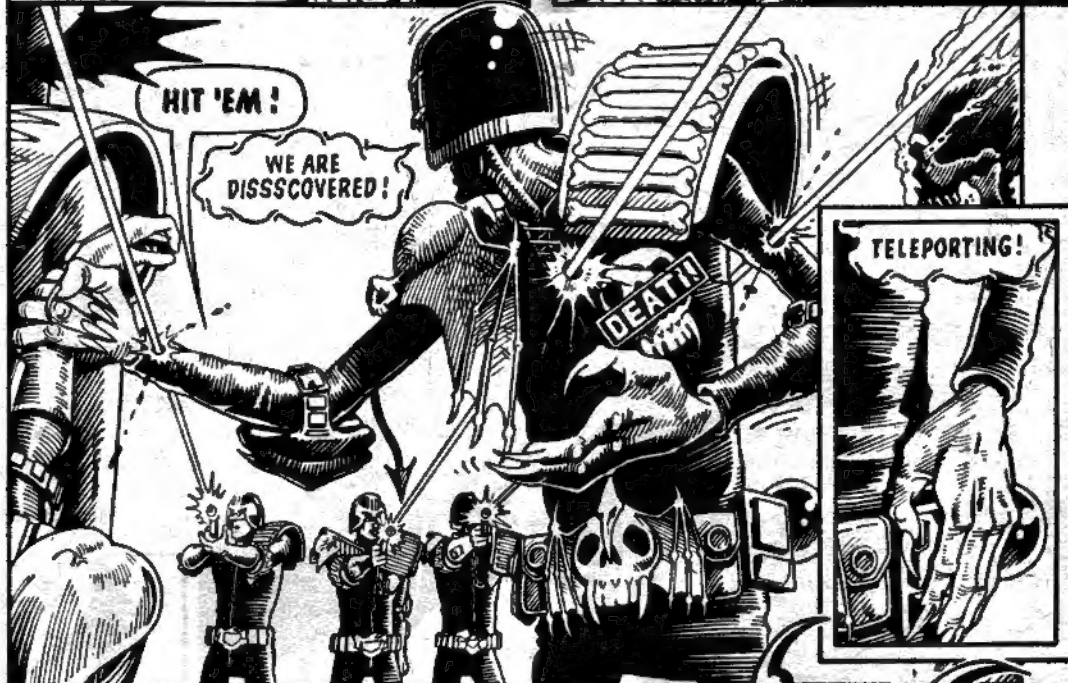
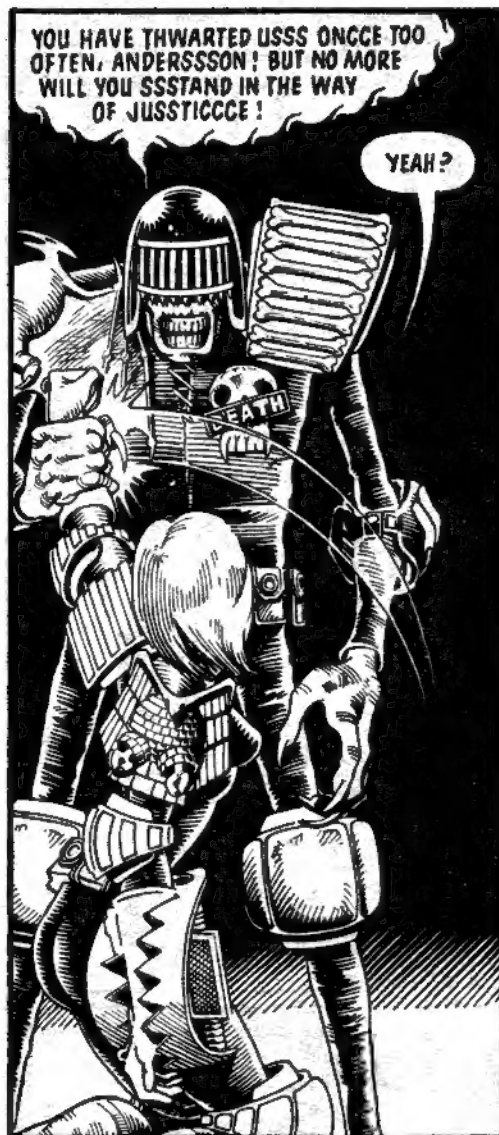
LADIES FIRST!

YOU WILL PAYV FOR THAT, SSSHHEE DEVIL!

SHUNKK

SERIES GRANT/GROVER  
AND CLIFF ROBINSON  
LETTERING Y FRAME





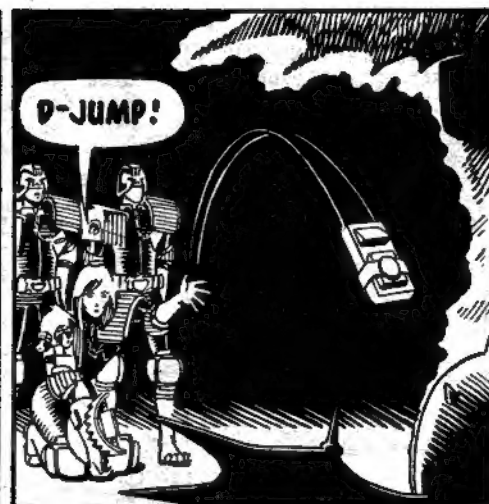


FOOLSSS! YOU CAN  
DESSTROY THE  
FLESSSH - BUT  
THE SSSPIRIT  
LIVESSS ON!

DROKK! THE  
RAT'S LEAVIN'  
THE SINKING  
SHIP!



IT'S GOTTA BE  
NOW, KID!



D-JUMP!



HE'S  
GONE!

WHAT THE HELL WAS  
THAT, ANDERSON?

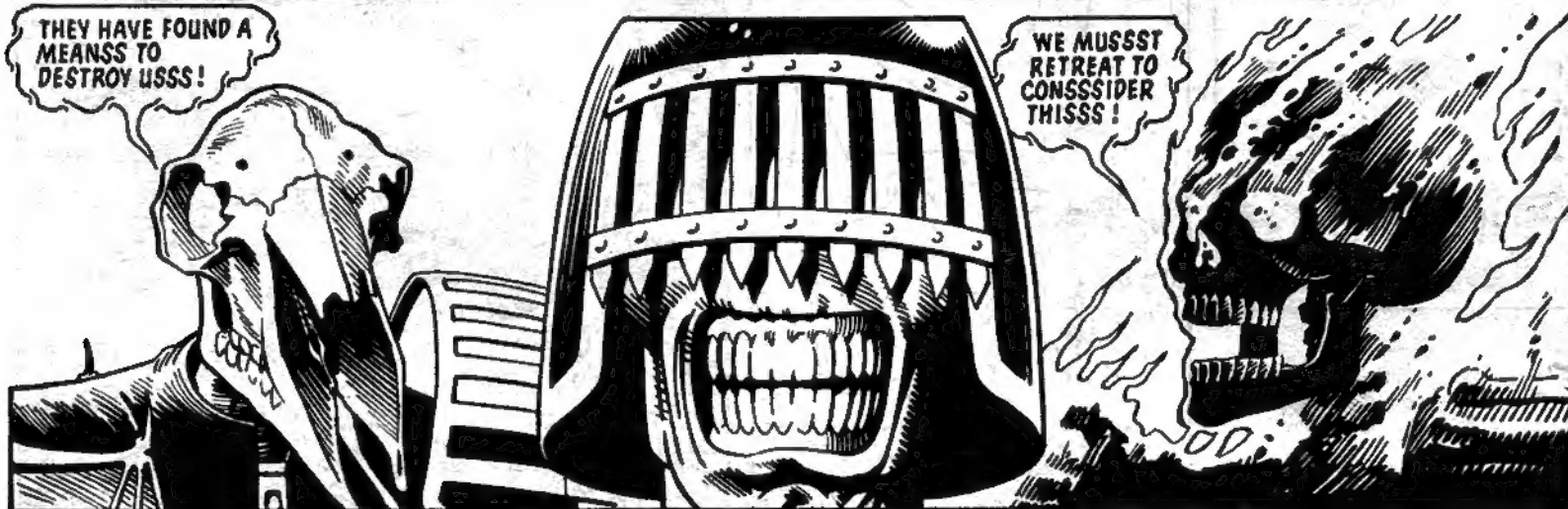
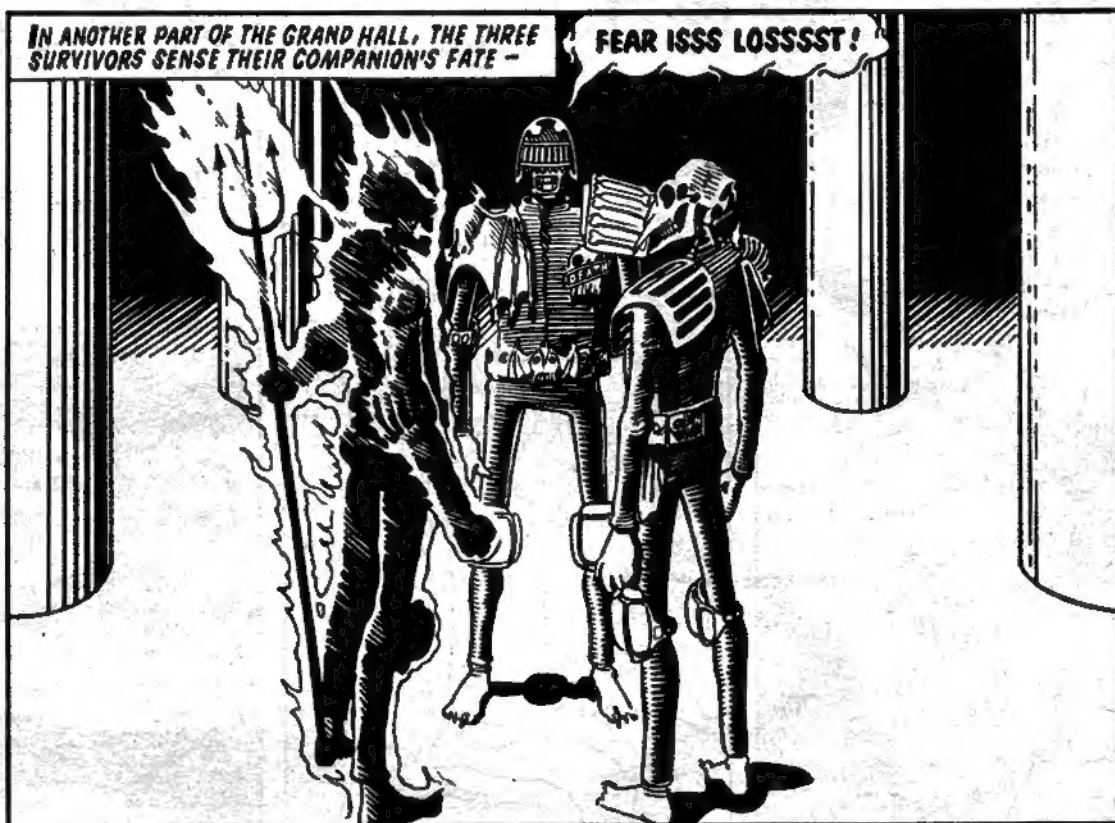
A DIMENSION  
JUMP - ONE OF THE  
TEST DEVICES OUR  
EGGHEADS CAME  
UP WITH.

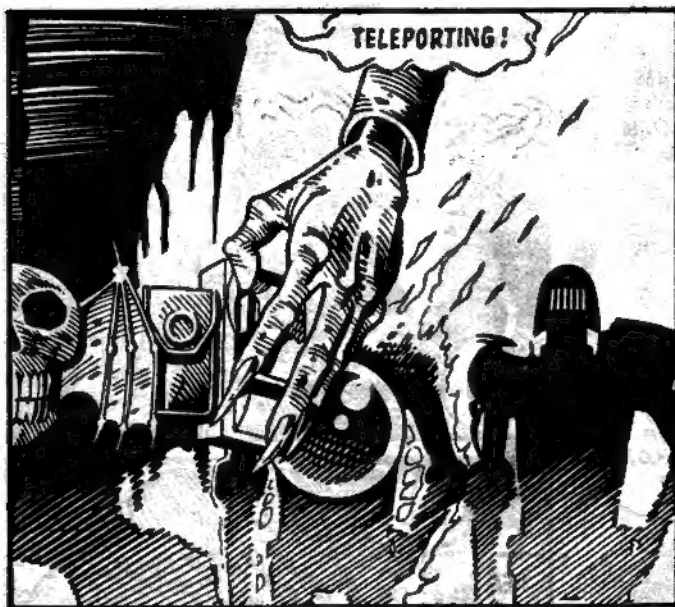


BUT THE DIMENSION LOCATOR HASN'T  
BEEN PERFECTED. IT'LL HURL JUDGE  
FEAR INTO LIMBO - AND GOOD  
RIDDANCE TO THE CREEP!

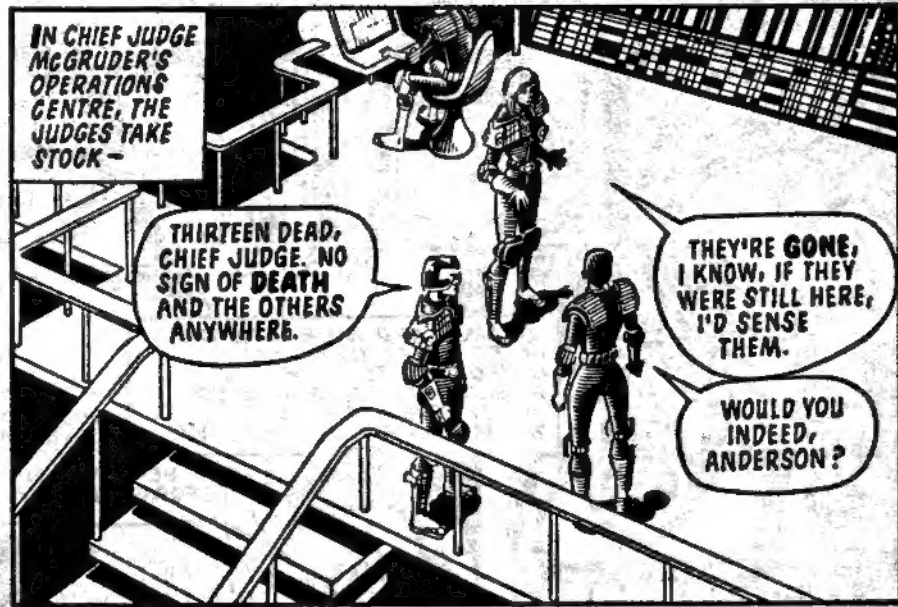
BUT HE'LL JUST  
USE THE JUMP  
TO COME STRAIGHT  
BACK HERE!







TELEPORTING!



IN CHIEF JUDGE  
MCGRUDER'S  
OPERATIONS  
CENTRE, THE  
JUDGES TAKE  
STOCK -

THIRTEEN DEAD,  
CHIEF JUDGE. NO  
SIGN OF DEATH  
AND THE OTHERS  
ANYWHERE.

THEY'RE GONE,  
I KNOW, IF THEY  
WERE STILL HERE,  
I'D SENSE  
THEM.

WOULD YOU  
INDEED,  
ANDERSON?



YOU HAVE SOME  
EXPLAINING  
TO DO, DON'T  
YOU?

I KNOW I BROKE SUSPENSION,  
C.J. - BUT I COULDN'T JUST  
SIT AROUND CRYIN' IN MY  
SYNTH-CAF. COULD I? I MEAN, I'M  
NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL.

NO, I FIGURED A WAY TO BEAT THOSE  
WALKIN' CADAVERS - I HAD TO FIND  
OUT IF IT WORKED.

FORTUNATELY  
FOR YOU, YOUR  
JUDGEMENT  
PROVED CORRECT  
ON THIS  
OCCASION.



VERY WELL, ANDERSON... AS THERE DOESN'T  
SEEM TO BE ANY WAY OF KEEPING YOU DOWN,  
I'M RESCINDING YOUR SUSPENSION.

BUT DON'T THINK IT MEANS YOU'RE OFF THE  
HOOK. THERE WILL STILL HAVE TO BE A FULL  
ENQUIRY INTO YOUR ACTIONS.

LIKE, I'M  
NOT OFF THE  
TITAN  
SHUTTLE  
YET, HUH?



FAIR ENOUGH. I CAN LIVE WITH  
THAT.

RIGHT NOW, ALL I'M  
WORRIED ABOUT IS BRINGING  
THE OTHER THREE DARK  
CREEPS TO BOOK!

NEXT PROG:  
**PRECOGNITION  
OF DEATH!**



# Slaine

SLAINE AND MURDACH TRY TO STEAL CYTHRON UNIFORMS SO THEY CAN RESCUE MYRDDIN AND CO - BUT THE ALIENS CATCH THEM AND A FIGHT FOLLOWS...

YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE STRAYED FROM

YOUR PEN, PIG! NOW, BEFORE I KILL YOU...

...I'M GOING TO DRAIN YOU DRY!



SCRIPT:  
PAT MILLS  
ART:  
DAVID PUGH  
LETTERING:  
STEVE POTTER





MEANWHILE, OUR VENTLA HAD LANDED...

TO OUR AMAZEMENT, WE SAW CYTHRON FARMS STRETCHING TO THE HORIZON... WITH TIME WORMS REARING UP FROM THEM INTO WORM-HOLES IN THE SKY...



THE TIME WORMS ARE MACROBES, TOO... GIGANTIC ONES DEVELOPED BY THE CYTHRONS!

THESE 'MICROBES' BURROW INTO EVERY TIME ZONE, SUCKING UP HUMANS' NEGATIVE LIFE FORCE—PRANA—THROUGH THEIR VACUHOLES...

...AND EMPTYING IT, AT THIS END, INTO THE CYTHRON BARN:

YES, HUMANS' NEGATIVE ENERGY—FEAR AND HATRED—IS THE CYTHRONS' FOOD.

"ALL MAJOR WARS HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY CYTHRONS... BECAUSE VIOLENCE CAUSES A MASSIVE EMISSION OF NEGATIVE ENERGY...

"DURING EVERY BATTLE, THE TIME WORMS ARE THERE UNSEEN—FOR THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PARASITES ARE THOSE THAT FEED UNOBSERVED.

"AFTER EACH WAR, THE CYTHRONS ALLOW A FALLOW PERIOD OF PEACE—TO ALLOW US TO BREED, BEFORE THE NEXT HARVEST.

"MOST HUMANS WANT PEACE, SO CYTHRONS USE MACROBES LIKE ELFRIC, AND HUMAN AGENTS, TO DELIBERATELY START WARS... THEY PROMISE THESE AGENTS ULTIMATE POWER...

"IN THE END, OF COURSE, THEY DESTROY THEM, TOO.



FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME, WE HAVE BEEN SECRETLY FARMED BY AN ALIEN RACE!





"LIKE A ROTTING  
APPLE, OUR  
PLANET IS  
RIDDLED WITH  
TIME WORMS..."



"EVERY  
CIVILISATION  
HAS LEGENDS  
ABOUT THESE  
'GREAT  
WORMS OF  
HELL'."

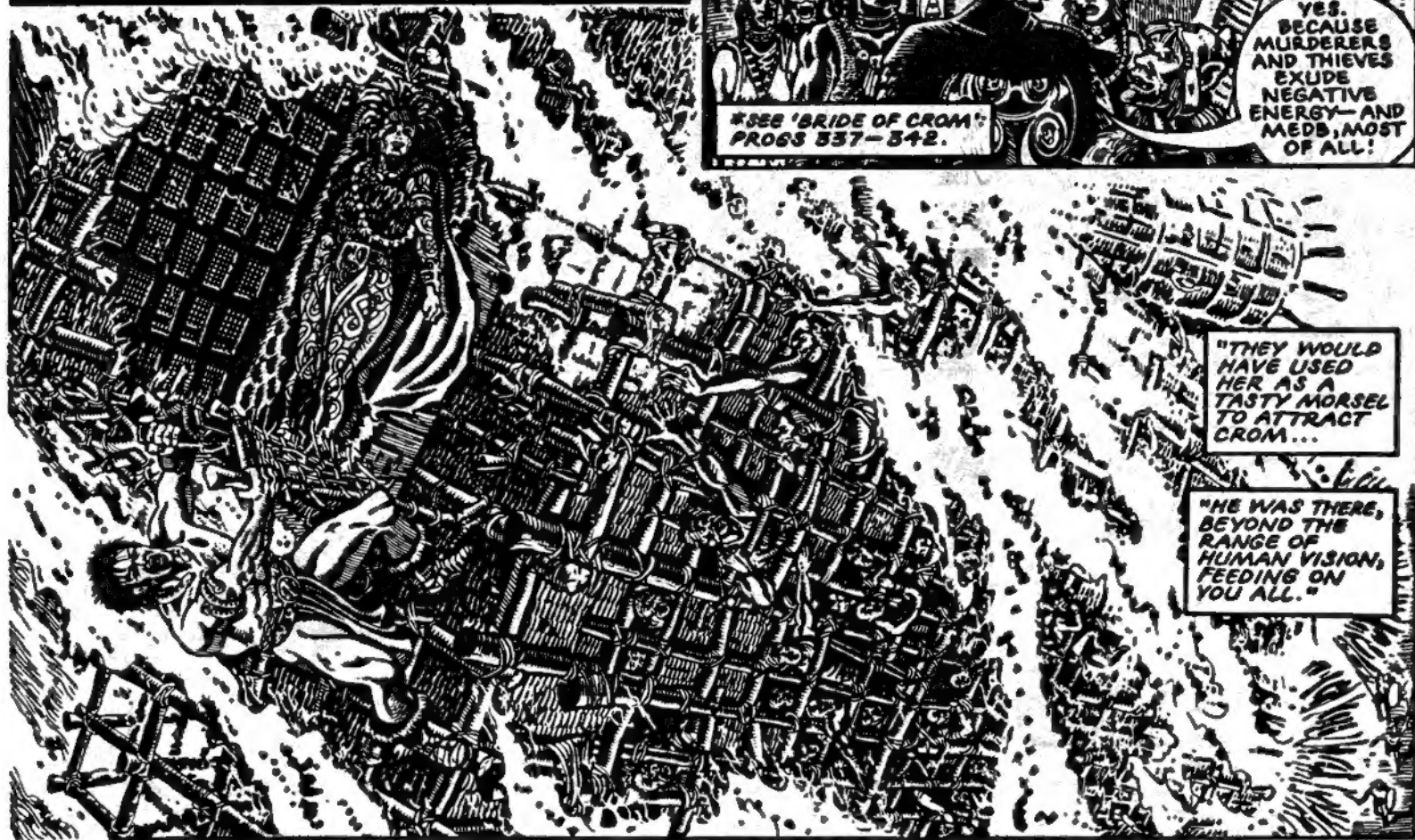
WHEN MYRDDIN FINISHED, I  
REMEMBERED HOW ME AND  
SLAINE—WITH OTHER  
CRIMINALS—HAD BEEN  
OFFERED UP TO THE GREAT  
WORM, CROM CRUACH...

SLOUGH FEB  
TRIED TO SACRIFICE  
US AND MEDB—  
HIS TOP WAR-  
WITCH!\*



\*SEE 'BRIDE OF CROM':  
PROBS 537-542.

YES.  
BECAUSE  
MURDERERS  
AND THIEVES  
EXUDE  
NEGATIVE  
ENERGY—AND  
MEDB, MOST  
OF ALL!



"THEY WOULD  
HAVE USED  
HER AS A  
TASTY MORSEL  
TO ATTRACT  
CROM..."

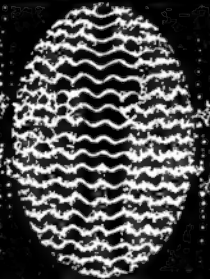
"HE WAS THERE,  
BEYOND THE  
RANGE OF  
HUMAN VISION,  
FEEDING ON  
YOU ALL."



BUT  
THEN WHY  
DID THE  
CYTHRON,  
KLINGSOR,  
BITE  
ME?

IT WASN'T YOUR BLOOD  
HE WAS SUCKING... BUT  
YOUR NEGATIVE ENERGY—  
YOUR TERROR!

"AROUND EACH OF  
US IS A GLOWING  
ENERGY FIELD—  
AN AURA. THE  
AURA OF FEAR IS  
CHARGED WITH  
THE NEGATIVE  
PARTICLES THE  
CYTHRONS EAT."



"ANIMALS DON'T  
PRODUCE ENOUGH.  
ONLY HUMANS  
DISCHARGE  
SUFFICIENT FEAR,  
HATE AND ANGER."

AND, TO THE  
CYTHRONS, WE ARE  
ANIMALS.

NO! I WON'T  
BELIEVE IT! IT'S TOO  
HORRIBLE!



YES, IT IS HORRIBLE.  
PERHAPS IT'S A  
BLESSING MOST HUMANS  
DON'T KNOW THE TRUTH.

IT'S NOT  
TRUE! IT CAN'T  
BE! EVERYONE  
WOULD KNOW!



MY POOR  
CHILD... DO YOU  
THINK A SHEEP OR  
COW, AS IT GRAZES  
HAPPILY IN THE FIELD,  
KNOWS IT IS BEING  
BRED FOR... SLAUGHTER?







THEY CHANGED INTO THE  
CYTHRONS' UNIFORMS...

H'AAA...  
NOT BAD...  
WISH THE  
TROUSERS WERE  
TIGHTER,  
THOUGH.

MAYBE YOU  
SHOULD GET  
YOUR BOTTOM  
RESHAPED TO  
SUIT THEM  
BETTER?

I LIKE TO LOOK  
GOOD, SLAINE. I'M A KING  
—REMEMBER?

COME ON,  
YOUR MAJESTY.  
WE'VE GOT TO  
FIND MYRDDIN AND  
THE OTHERS IF WE'RE  
EVER GOING TO  
ESCAPE FROM  
CYTHRAWL!

AND AT THE ALIEN FARM...

ON YOUR KNEES!  
THE GULEDIS — PRAISE  
BE HIS NAME — APPROACHES!  
AND IT WERE WRONG IF  
YOU NEGLECTED TO  
PRAISE HIM!

NOW WE  
SAW THE  
MEANING  
OF THE  
CYTHRONS'  
TERRIBLE  
SYMBOL  
OF POWER  
— THE  
TRISKELE.

IT WAS  
BASED ON  
THEIR  
THREE-  
LEGGED  
LEADER...  
THE  
GULEDIS!

PRAISE  
BE TO ME!

NEXT  
PROG.

"HAVE THE ANIMALS  
PUT DOWN..."





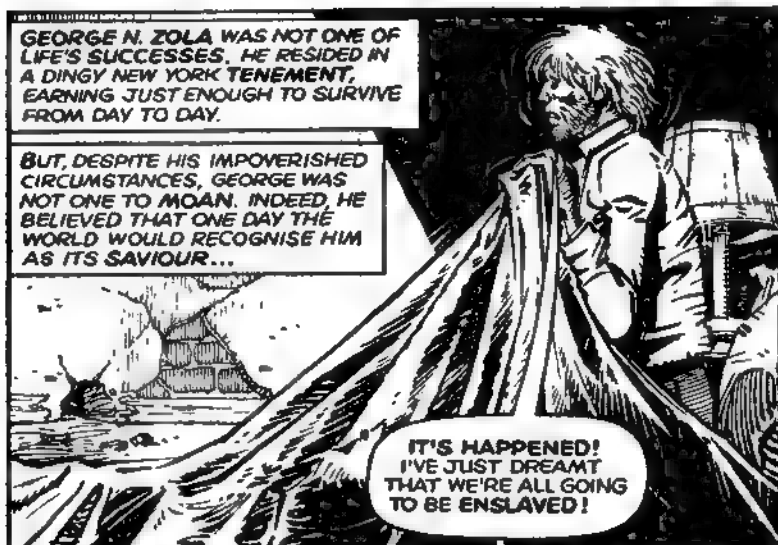
# THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

## THE MOUSETRAP!



GEORGE N. ZOLA WAS NOT ONE OF LIFE'S SUCCESSSES. HE RESIDED IN A DINGY NEW YORK TENEMENT, EARNING JUST ENOUGH TO SURVIVE FROM DAY TO DAY.

BUT, DESPITE HIS IMPOVERISHED CIRCUMSTANCES, GEORGE WAS NOT ONE TO MOAN. INDEED, HE BELIEVED THAT ONE DAY THE WORLD WOULD RECOGNISE HIM AS ITS SAVIOUR...



IT'S HAPPENED!  
I'VE JUST DREAMT  
THAT WE'RE ALL GOING  
TO BE ENSLAVED!



THE WHOLE OF  
HUMANITY IS  
THREATENED--  
BY THEM!



THE FILTHY,  
CHEATING  
VERMIN!



GOTTA WIPE  
THEM ALL OUT--  
NOW!

WHAT DA  
HECK-?



MR. ZOL-AAAH!

CALL THE  
PRESIDENT, DANSETTI!!  
THE FUTURE OF EARTH  
IS AT STAKE!



I'LL BE IN THE  
BASEMENT--  
DESTROYING  
THEIR HEAD-  
QUARTERS!

HE'S SHOT UP HIS  
WHOLE ROOM! I'LL  
CALL SOMEONE ALL  
RIGHT--THE COPS!

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
ALAN HEDDEN  
ART ROBOT  
GELARDINELLI  
LETTERING ROBOT  
STARKINGS  
COMPU-73











2355 HOURS. THE MOON IS FULL.  
THE AIR CRISP AND CLEAR.

A PERFECT NIGHT.

CAREFULLY HE COVERS THE  
TELLTALE MARKINGS ON  
HIS POWER BOARD.

THEN HE LAUNCHES  
HIMSELF -

THE WIND WHIPS  
AGAINST HIM.  
THE BOARD  
SEEMS ALIVE  
BENEATH  
HIS FEET.

ONCE MORE THE SKIES BELONG TO  
THE MIDNIGHT SURFER.

SCRIPT  
T. A. GROVER  
ART  
CAM KENNEDY  
LETTERING  
T. FRAME

JUDGE  
DREDD

MIDNIGHT SURFER

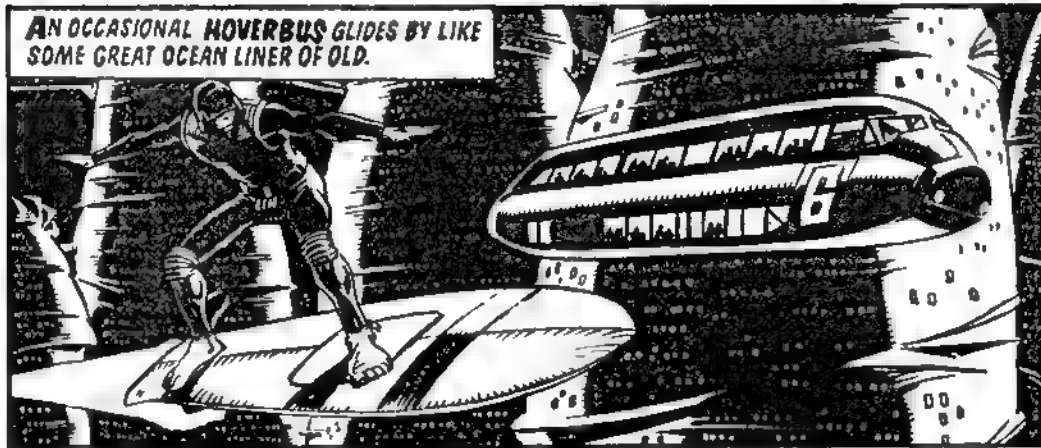




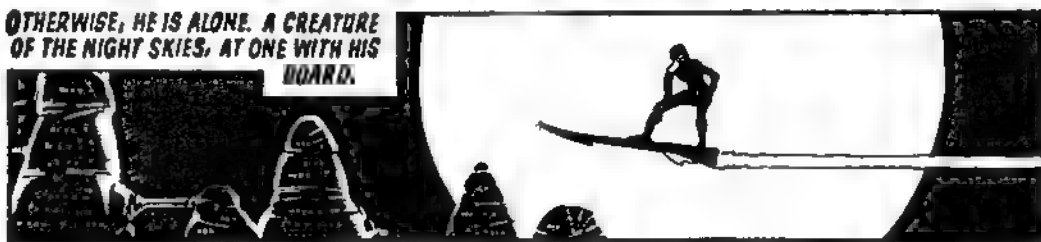
A FEW LATE NIGHT BAT GLIDERS CIRCLE ON THE THERMALS THAT RISE BETWEEN THE CITY'S GIANT HOUSING BLOCKS.



AN OCCASIONAL HOVERBUS GLIDES BY LIKE SOME GREAT OCEAN LINER OF OLD.



OTHERWISE, HE IS ALONE. A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT SKIES, AT ONE WITH HIS BOARD.



HE DIGS HIS HEEL HARD INTO THE THROTTLE PAD -



-AND GOES INTO A SERIES OF BREATHTAKING LOOPS AND SPIRALS -



- A WARM-UP ROUTINE FAR BEYOND THE SCOPE OF ANY BUT THE MOST GIFTED POWER BOARDER.



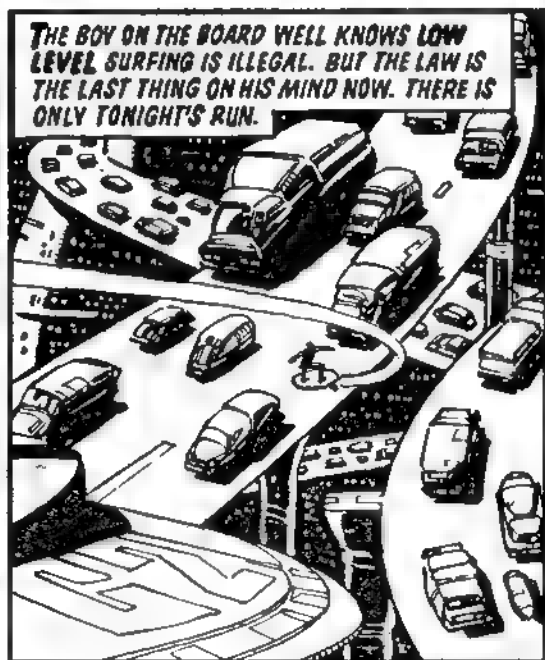
SATISFIED, HE TILTS HIS BOARD DOWN TOWARDS THE STREETS.

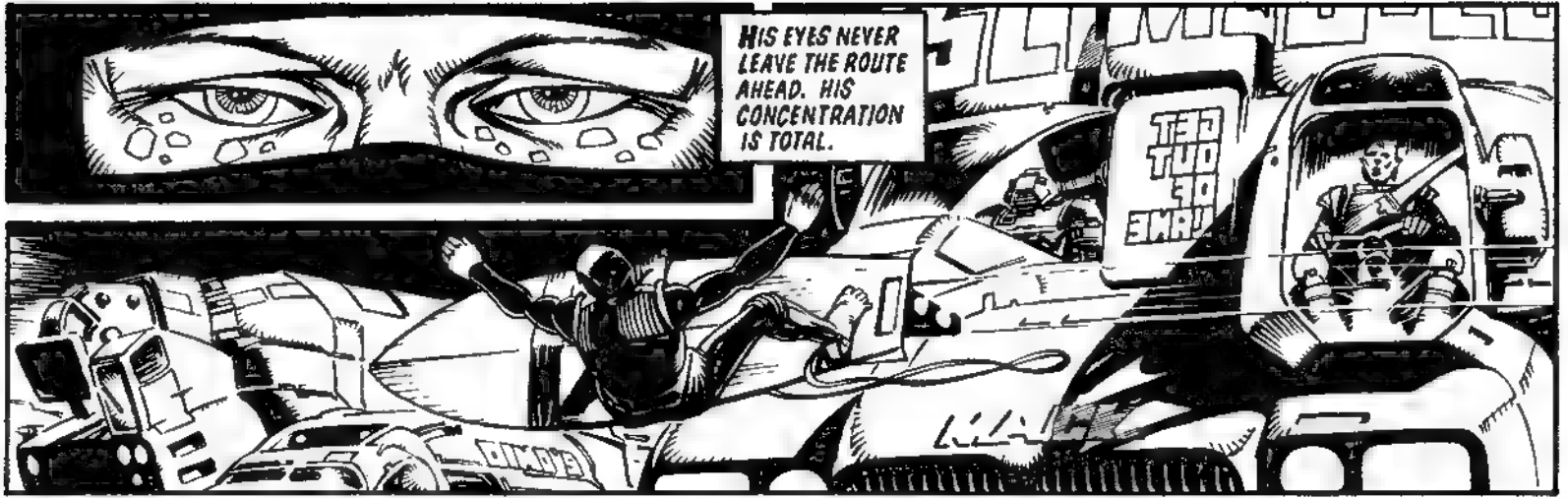


WATCHING BAY 4114! WE HAVE AN ILLEGAL SKY SURFER, HEADING EAST THROUGH BRINSLEY INTERSECT!



THE BOY ON THE BOARD WELL KNOWS LOW LEVEL SURFING IS ILLEGAL. BUT THE LAW IS THE LAST THING ON HIS MIND NOW. THERE IS ONLY TONIGHT'S RUN.

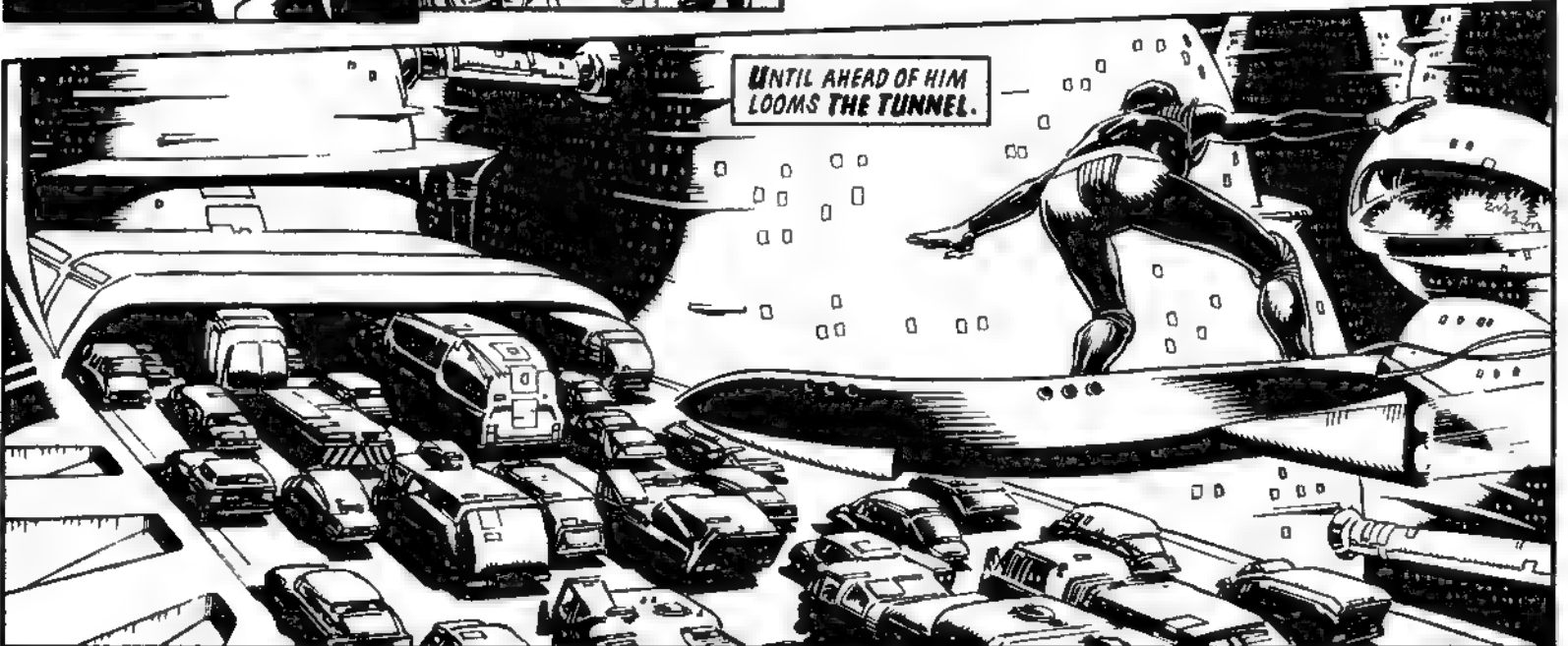




HIS EYES NEVER  
LEAVE THE ROUTE  
AHEAD. HIS  
CONCENTRATION  
IS TOTAL.

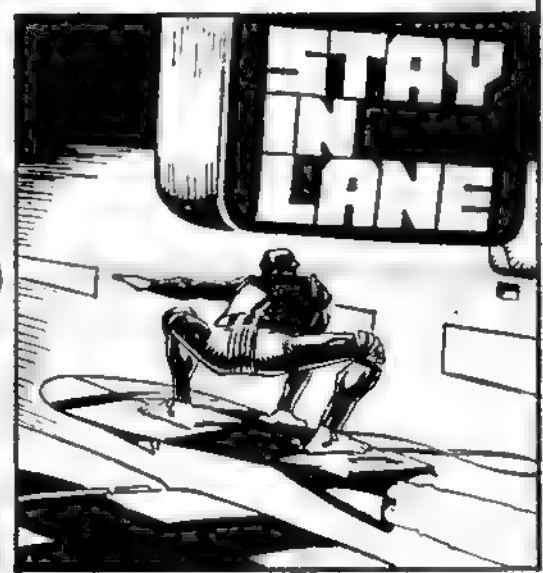
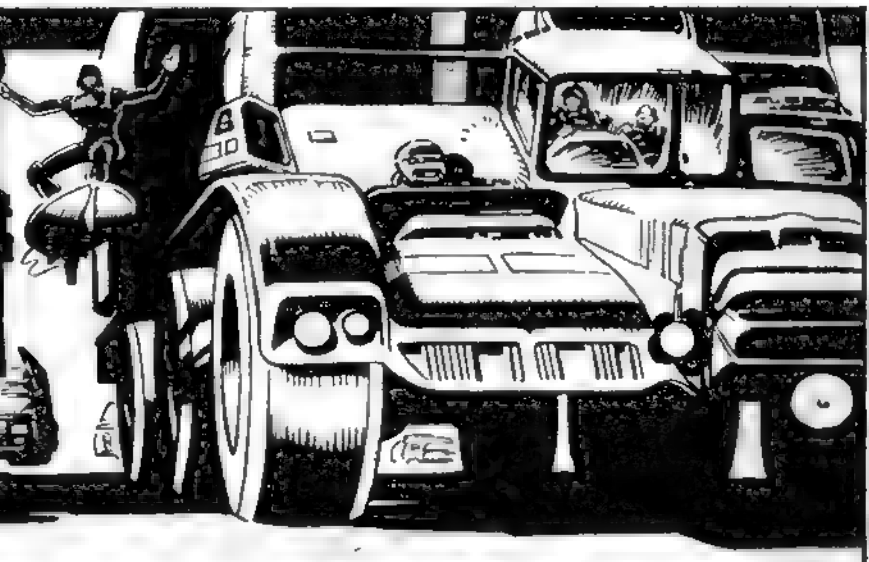


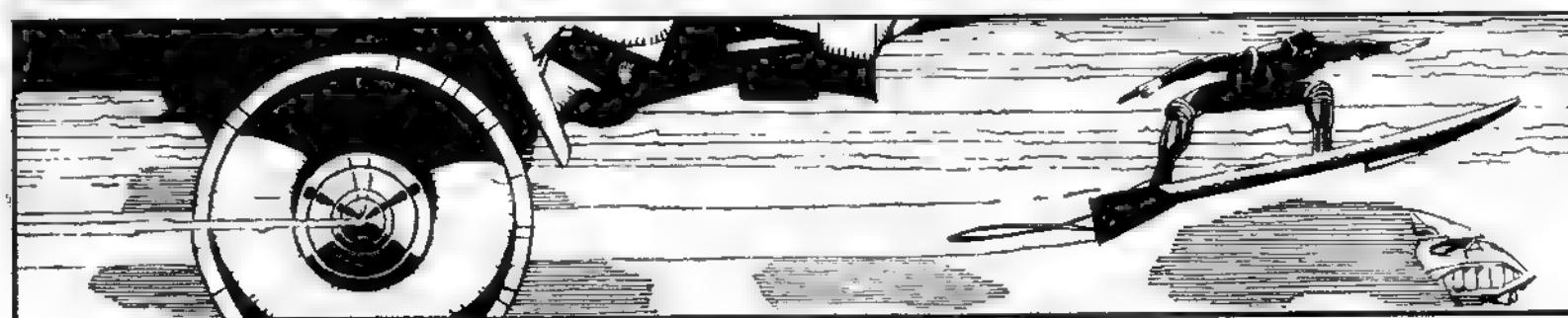
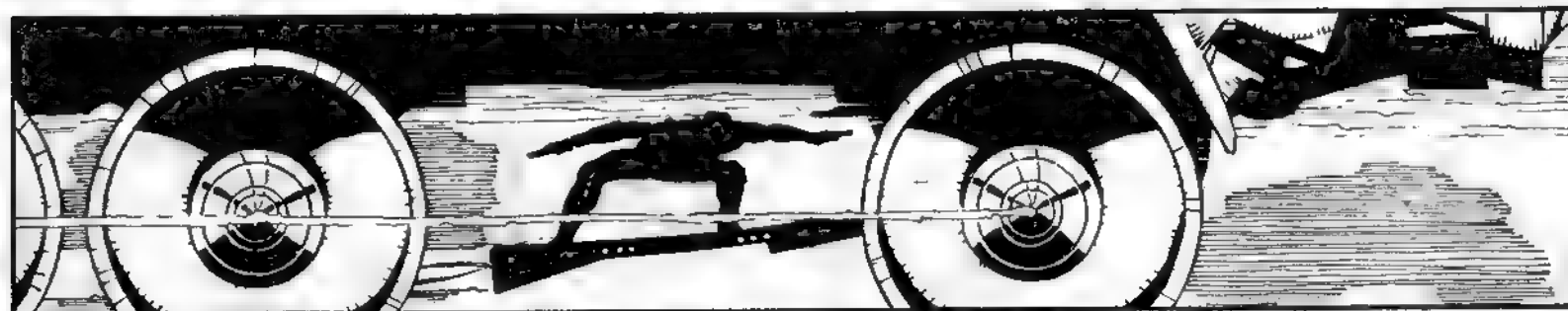
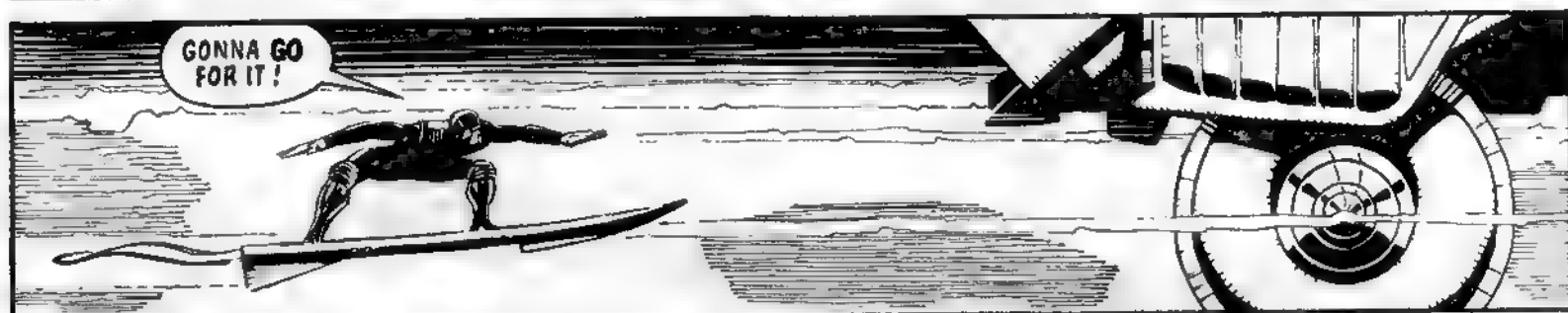
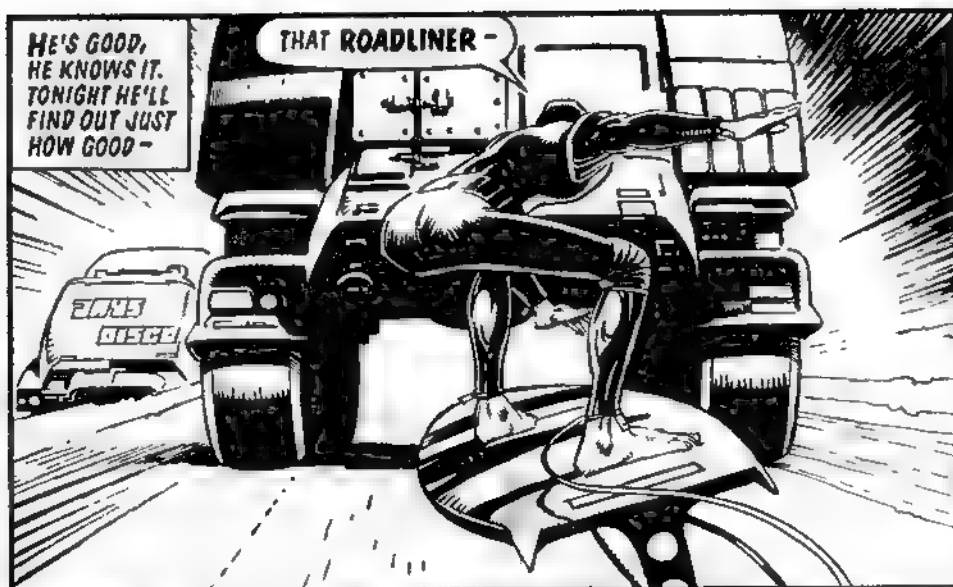
DOWN WARNOCK AND STEGMAN, TWISTING AMONG THE NARROW  
ALLEYS OF THE PRECINCT, WEAVING THROUGH THE LATE NIGHT  
GROWDS ON OKAY BOULEVARD —



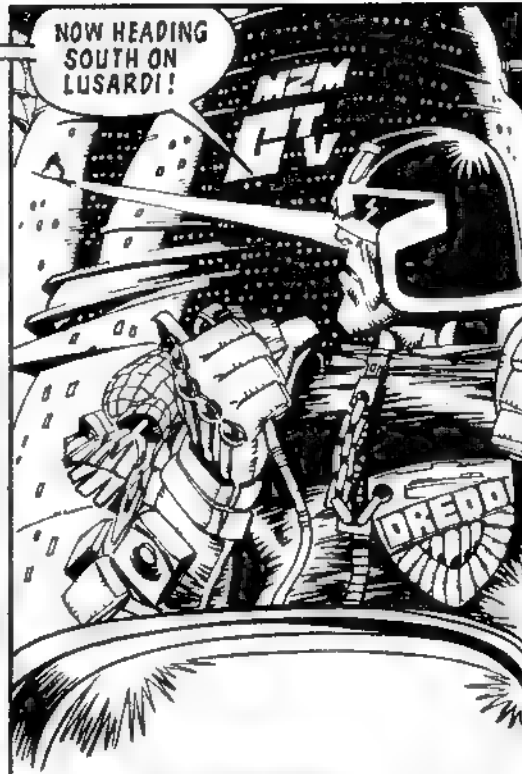
UNTIL AHEAD OF HIM  
LOOMS THE TUNNEL.











THE PLANET HORST, WHERE GENETIC INFANTRYMAN ROGUE TROOPER IS SEEKING THE ANTIGEN ESSENTIAL FOR THE REGENING OF HIS BIOCHIPPED COMRADES. NOW, DISGUISED AS A NORT ALLEY, HE HAS FOUND A LEAD...

# ROGUE TROOPER







MASHAKAN!  
MASHAKAN!

DAMN! THAT NORT  
GUARD'S INTERRUPTED  
US. LOOKS LIKE THE  
COLUMN IS BEING  
HALTED FOR THE  
NIGHT.



DASHAKA!  
ALLA! ALLA!

I'D KNOW  
THAT COMMAND  
IN ANY LANGUAGE-  
GUARD DUTY.



LATER...

THE PRISONERS HAVE BEEN  
PENNED IN, SO NO CHANCE TO  
PUMP MY CONTACT FURTHER.  
BUT BAGMAN SAYS HE DID  
KNOW OF THE ANTIGEN!



TRASHA!

YEAH, "NICE NIGHT  
TO YOU, TOO, DUMBO"  
AND IN A FEW HOURS'  
TIME I'LL HAVE ALL THE  
INFORMATION I NEED  
TO MAKE MY BIOCHIPS  
WHOLE MEN AGAIN!



RASHKA!  
RASHKA!



HELL!  
THOSE SOUTHERS  
ARE TOO WEARY  
TO GET UP- AND  
MY CONTACT'S  
AMONG THEM!



BAGMAN-  
TELL HIM IF  
HE DOESN'T  
MOVE QUICK,  
THE NORTS  
WILL KILL  
HIM!

SDENONA!  
NORTRA  
POLINITA TS!







PLANET BURRITO'S NOTORIOUS 49TH TERRITORY, WHERE STRONTIUM DOG JOHNNY ALPHA HAS TRACKED DOWN THE GALACTIC CRIMINAL XEN THE BRAIN-WRAITH. NOW

MIDDENFACE — HE'S STILL ALONE WITH XEN!

C'MON!

WHERE'S XEN? DID YOU GET HIM?

NAE BOTHER, BIG VIN!

HE CAM' OOT THE COOK'S HEID HOWLIN' LIKE A BANSHEE! BUT THE AULD TARTAN TERROR HAD HIM BOTTLED UP IN NAE TIME!

GET DOWN WULF!

# STRONTIUM DOG

BAM BAM BAM

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ALAN GRANT  
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CARLOS EZQUERRA  
LETTERING ROBOT  
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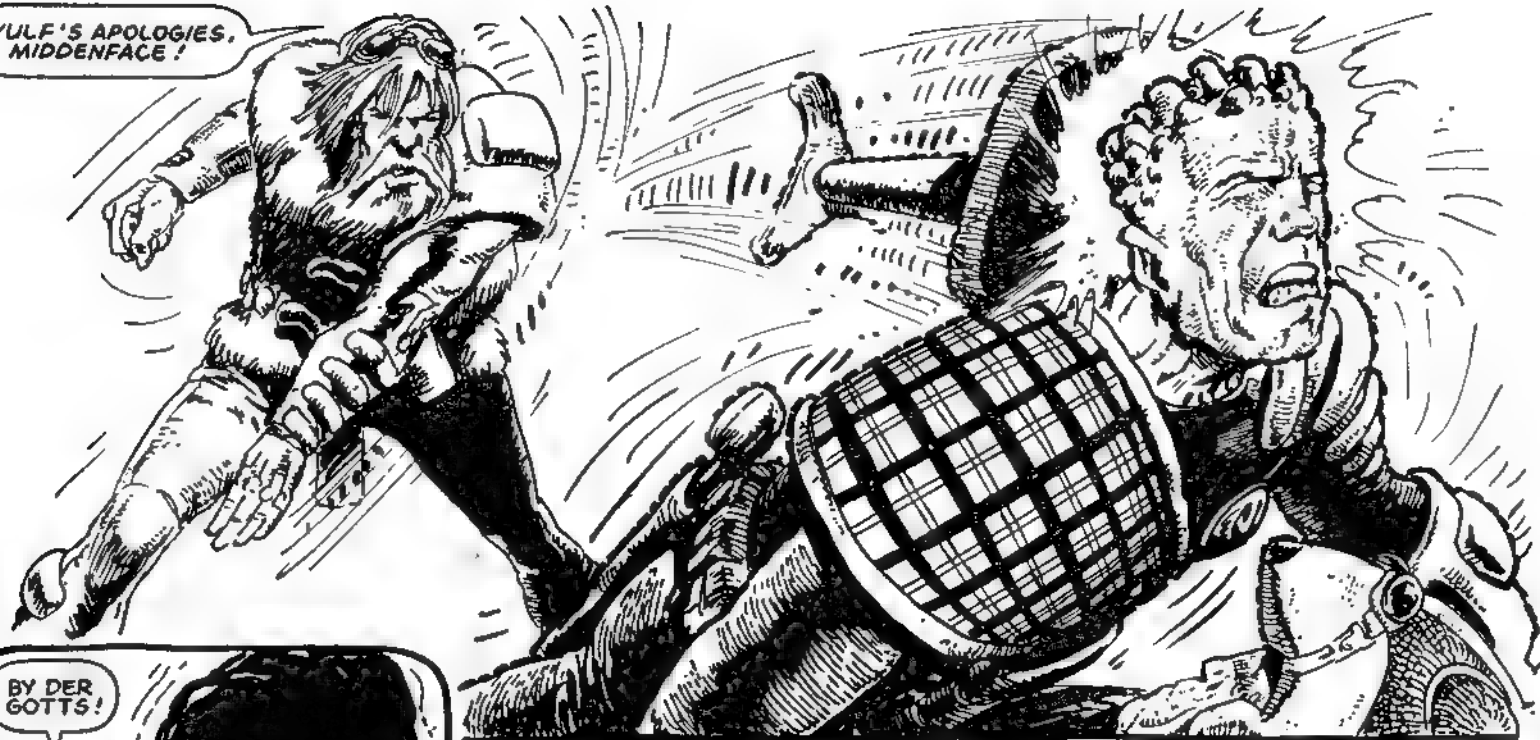




FIERCE ELECTROPLASMIC WAVES SEAR THROUGH JOHNNY —



VULF'S APOLOGIES,  
MIDDENFACE!



BY DER  
GOTTS!



XEN IS  
OUT—



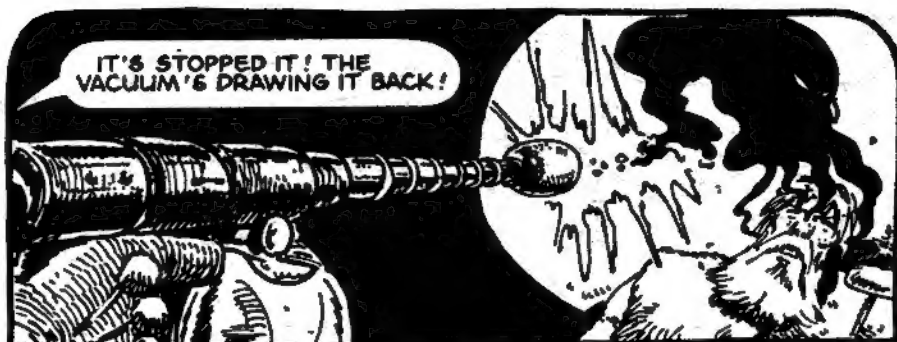
THE BOTTLE GUN...



ODIN'S BEARD!  
AAAAAGH!









NEVER MIND. THIS'LL  
MAKE UP FOR IT.



THE SIX MILLION CRED GHOULE —  
WE GOAT HIM? HE'S IN HERE?

JA — DON'T TRY  
DRINKING IT!



OH, YA WEE  
BEAUTY!

IT IS A FULL DAY'S RIDE TO THE  
ARREST POINT AT BADVILLE —



...AND WITH THE OTHER PRISONERS I MAKE  
THAT A GRAND TOTAL OF 6,812,000 CRED.



ARE YOU SURE YOU  
WANT IT ALL IN CASH?

TOO TRUE, JIMMY! WHA IN THEIR  
RIGHT MIND WOULD TRY TAE  
PICK A RAMMY WI' US?



WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO DO WITH  
YOUR SHARE OF THE BOUNTY,  
MIDDENFACE?

WEEL — I'VE GOAT A WEE BUT  
AN' BEN BACK OAN TAM'S WORLD,  
AN' A WEE WIFIE WAITIN' THERE  
FOR ME.

SO — YOU GO  
HOME, EH?



NAE FEARS, BIG YIN! I'M  
GOIN' SOMEWHERE I CAN  
HAVE SOME FUN!

The  
End

NEXT  
PROG

THE SLAVERS  
OF DRULE!



2355 HOURS. THE MOON IS FULL.  
THE AIR CRISP AND CLEAR.

A PERFECT NIGHT.

CAREFULLY HE COVERS THE  
TELLTALE MARKINGS ON  
HIS POWER BOARD.

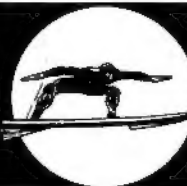
THEN HE LAUNCHES  
HIMSELF -

THE WIND WHIPS  
AGAINST HIM.  
THE BOARD  
SEEMS ALIVE  
BENEATH  
HIS FEET.

ONCE MORE THE SKIES BELONG TO  
THE MIDNIGHT SURFER.

JUDGE  
DREDD

MIDNIGHT SURFER





I WARNED  
YOU, CREEP!  
IT'S A CRIME  
TO SCAN  
2000AD!

2000AD  
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